UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

Calvert Review

Fall 1979

ARCV
UPUB
S36.A3

Calvert Review
fall, 1979

poetry
fiction
graphics
photography

a Maryland Media Publication
College Park, Maryland

© *Calvert Review*, 1979. Rights revert to writers and artists upon publication. Manuscripts may be forwarded to *Calvert Review*, Rm 3111A, Main Dining Hall, U of Md, College Park, Maryland 20742. (301)454-3726.

Editor
David Hall

Managing Editor
Willem Scheltema

Poetry
Crispin Sartwell

Graphics & Photography
Marianne Ladino

Fiction
Kathy Bearden

Associate Editors
Janice Halle
Debi Carlin

Cover by **Mokie Pratt**
Contents emblem by **Matthew Arozian**

Designed by David Hall
Printed by Paul Trimble at the Writer's Center, Glen Echo, Maryland. The Writer's Center is funded in part by a grant from the National Endowment For The Arts.

Melissa Bell	5	*December*
Laura Slavin	6	*Garten Strasse*
Eileen O'Tousa	7	airbrush
Lon West	8	*The Face of Urban*
Margeret Maruca	15	etching
Crispin Sartwell	16	*Sonnet to Silence*
Eric Stephen Siegal	17	*Retirement*
Robert Farr	18	*Somewhere Outside Transylvania*
Mokie Pratt	19	etching
Robert Whisler	20	*Baltimore*
Douglas Messerli	21	*Baltimore*
Margaret Maruca	22	etching
William Griffiths	23	*Rainy Monday Invocation (a John Coltrane Blues)*
Andrew Oerke	24	*Or the Moon My Lady*
Peter Muldoon	25	*Landscape*
Victor Wahby	26	*A Moment Without a Care*
	27	*Moving Toward a New World*
Scott Goldstein	28	*Untitled*
Peter Cullen	29	*Belfast*
Anne Rogers	30	*Untitled*
	31	*Train in Snow*
Mike Oakes	32	*Untitled*
Karen Voss	33	*Winter, New Canaan, Ct.*
Martin Rodden	34	*Handy Andy*
	35	*Trainscape*
David Beyl	36	*Spilled Water*
Elga Morales Blouin	37	*Spilled Water*, the author's translation of her *Agua derramada*
Jennifer LaRue	38	*Des Moines*
Peggy Tang	39	ink drawing
Robert Bowie	40	*The Orphans*
Mokie Pratt	41	lithograph
Kathy Bearden	42	*Winter*
Michael Sobsey	44	*Pedestrian Terror*

Bill Gorski	45	*Coal*
Anna Tchou	46	pen & ink
Mark Zeender	47	*Magnolia Grandiflora*
Peter Muldoon	48	pencil drawing
Matthew Westbrook	49	*Kierkegaard's Bones the Breadcrust and the Dread*
Paul Trimble	50	*Untitled*
Arthur Silber	51	pen & ink
Douglas Messerli	52	*Summer*
Paul J. Davis	55	*Now Appearing in Town*
Crispin Sartwell	56	*Melody and Dissonance,* a review of poetry
Anna Tchou	59	pen & ink
David Hall	60	an essay on Hart Crane's "The Tunnel"
Mokie Pratt	63	woodcut

Melissa Bell

December

There is no soft hair in the morning.
Labor, worn thin, has tired of itself
and left without warning, leaving
behind flat chords of warm flesh,
and silence. She reaches for another
cigarette and crinkles up the pack,
inhaling. The armour she dons rusts
out every night and her afternoons

are spent scraping the burnt brown
from her sides. She is caught, and
as December reaches her nostrils
she remembers the last window had
been painted shut. Outside, the night
has gotten its edges snarled in a tree.

Laura Slavin

Garten Strasse

Stripped to the waist
but for his back
buckled leather strap.
Brace, winched tight above
kahki shorts, tight to test
August steam running
his scalded head,

Otto worked the lot
across our alley, and
taught me his last flowers,
Sunday summer '54.
Something happened
to his bones in the war.

His gold spike smile
scattered *kinder*,
but eye-tall color,
double-fisted bud,
full-face bloom
flinched me back.

Picked over fence, he
planted my mary janes
safe on border stone.
"Be still. You vatch."
Hard hands on short
handled tools, kneees on stone,

Low shouldered he spoke
only to roots. We
drew up his throaty commands

and yawned Dahlia, stretched
Iris, cupped Canna,
sipped Statice all week.

"Sunday. You vatch."
I never packed
for summer camp,
but out kitchen door,
patting car track clay,
down no grass path
still grows our alley,
where Otto trains rose trees.

Eileen O'Tousa, *Wind*, airbrush 10 x 17"

Lon West

The Face Of Urban

"This is the second death, the lake of fire...."
Revelation 20:14

The water boiled against the sides of the boat, swarming up against it as if each individual droplet were a member of a marauding army trained as one to destroy, and then flinging away behind the craft as its wooden sides beat the army backward. All around the river boiled, fighting and dying, never allowing one drop to concede until it had long sprayed off into the remote distance behind. The boat stayed afloat, its two passengers feeling only slightly the fury of the battle raging below.

"A river to respect, for certain," said the first passenger.

"For certain," the second agreed, somewhat dryly. "And I assume this is why you have brought me here: to marvel and tremble at the thrill of your glorious waters?"

"Ah, madame, there is much more than that," said the first seriously, ignoring his companion's tone of haughty sarcasm. "Much more indeed. This journey will be a long one."

Silence. The woman at the front of the boat, aged, shrunken, but borne up by an inner violence that threatened to supersede her very mortality, turned abruptly from her guide and stared out at the churning waters ahead. Her hair, brillo-grey as it had been for years, and thin enough for the hard-leather surface of her scalp to show through in many places, trembled not a bit, though the winds all about it raged fiercely.

Her guide, sitting as unobtrusively as possible in the back of the boat, watched his passenger as she stared ahead. So straight a posture, even seated; such strength to see in a body so old, so wrinkled, so battered by the forces of life. Surely I can see why she was chosen for this journey, the guide thought to himself.

And his passenger, looking ahead, thought only of escape and conquest. So he thinks he has me under his power? She thought, staring at the fierce yellow of the water and the bloody red of the sky. I, Madame

Pevinsky, ruler in my time of over one-third of my simpering world, conquerer of Europe and Asia and the silly, cotton-minded Americans? No earthly being ever defeated me... and no universal being shall ever dare try! She stared up at the red, sunless sky, home of the screaming, dying stars and galaxies all across the cosmos. Yes, thought Madame Pevinsky, though billions will shrink in fear at this sight, I, their conqueror, will conquer all of this as well.

The guide, knowing her thoughts, busied himself with keeping the small boat on course on the mighty boiling river. He was a small, unimposing man, dressed in clothes of indeterminate color. A stranger, passing him by in any setting, would undoubtedly not have looked at him twice... except for one feature: his eyes. They shone with a light of their own, glowing in any shade of darkness not like the eyes of a cat, which merely reflect existing light, but with a luminescence seemingly created from within the very soul of their bearer.

Those eyes glowed now amid the screaming darkness of the crushed universe, looking at the object of their existence and knowing that a great battle was to follow.

"Madame Pevinsky?"

She turned stiffly.

"What is to happen now?" demanded the aged woman sardonically. "The heavens open up and swallow us? The evil dragon appears and devours me? A fire arises to destroy all creation? I suppose you've had all the rules for this performance laid out for quite some time."

The guide spoke, as always, quietly and without rancor. "Not at all, madame. Despite all that your kind have preached for thousands of years, this final period of your history is really quite simple. Each man, each woman who has ever lived, must live over the definitive action of his life for as long as he is ours. No more, no less ... each life, each combination of mind and soul and activity, can be reduced to one simple incident, one action which represents all that this particular person has meant to himself and to others. It is this incident which he will repeat forever."

For the first time since the journey had begun, Madame Pevinsky laughed. Her laughter was as a knife able to cut through the skin of all beings, natural or supernatural. "And this is the torment you have arranged for me?" she demanded mockingly. "To experience my evil actions over and over for eternity, until I cry to the great director of this farce to let me go?"

Her guide showed no emotion whatever. "Yes, Madame."

She hesitated for a bare instant. "Well. Torment it shall be indeed: *boredom* in particular! I had always expected much more than this from you. How absurdly monotonous: to experience one brief incident over and over for eternity! How tiresomely repetitive! Really, you will be punishing your good along with your bad by this ridiculous fate."

"Not at all," replied her guide, and his eyes seemed to glow with a

brighter fire than before. "Boredom is a mortal emotion. Here, now, only the reality of what is will concern you -- and only the feeling of that one all-inclusive incident will fire your soul. I promise, Madame, you will not find your experience tedious in the least."

Another instantaneous hesitation. "And this is what you planned for all of us way back when this whole absurd passion play was invented? This is the culmination, the judgment and penance of all that lives and has lived?"

"It is."

She turned fiercely and stared at the raging waters and the bloody sky, and her guide knew that in her thoughts Madame Pevinsky was reviewing all that she had done or felt or believed in her lifetime.

Anna Isadora Katerina Pevinsky had been born eighty-five years ago in a small Eastern European village in the mountains. Her life had been normal, outwardly at least, until the day the liberation army passed through. They left the town with fifteen of its young women in tow: fourteen of them helpless prisoners, and one ... a new comrade.

She rose quickly. Her main weapon was her male colleagues' belief that a woman could not be more cruel or calculating or intelligent than they. Under her power twelve members of the liberation army came, and each believed, until the day he died, that she was no more than a powerless, fragile consort. On the day he learned the truth, it was always much too late to save himsef ... and the rank of the dead man was inevitably filled by Anna Pevinsky herself.

So the years went, until the great day when, in a long-planned coup, the World Army of Liberation overtook every national capital on earth, and the liberation of the world began. When the period of liberation ended two years later, the population of Earth had been cut down to a mere billion. Freedom comes hard indeed.

Eventually, three men ruled their planet, each clinging like a monstrous lamprey to his particular domain. The liberator of the Eurasian continent, Karl Gavottna, had much in his favor, including a strong army, a truly cowed populace, and a young female servant who was equally generous with her powers of keeping the few uncowed numbers of the populace down to a minimum, and the animal pleasures of Karl Gavottna to a maximum.

The circumstances of Gavottna's death are hazy. Few of his men could understand how he could have killed himself accidentally with his own shaving razor. At any rate, the scramble for his unfilled throne ended rather quickly, each of the most important men in the fallen ruler's command dispatched with true cold viciousness by an assasin they had not time to see or hear. The circumstances of the assassinations were such that some of the bodies were never clearly identified.

Soon one-third of the world was ruled by an innocent, generous, unassuming young female servant who proved quickly that these qualities were not quite as prominent in her as they had been assumed

to be. Three-quarters of the highest nobility in Gavottna's kingdom were dispatched along with nearly one-fourth of his subjects, most of them simply as a show of strength. Executions were often unpleasant, and the screams of the new ruler's enemies were many times unrelieved by death for as long as twenty days. Chrome metal devices and certain chemical solutions found Madame Pevinsky's greatest favor in those early days of reorganization, and it was not infrequent to see the ruler herself watching as the executions took place, enjoying the spectacle and perhaps even taking part herself when the torturer grew tired.

Seven months after Gavottna's demise, a bizarre and unforeseen event occurred -- the only event in Madame Pevinsky's life that was ever to create in her any emotion remotely resembling fear. How could she ever have foreseen that in those days when she was building up the ruler's trust and devotion to her, the foolish man had emburdened her with the one consequence of femininity she had always vowed to avoid?

The process had gone too far to stop. The child of Anna Pevinsky and Karl Gavottna was born on a cold and overcast morning in the ruler's official quarters. He was borne without attendance; even at the cost of great pain, the ruler of Europe and Asia would not allow anybody to see her final entrapment in this vicious joke nature had played on her. It took over thirty hours for Govottna's heir to fight his way into the world, but once he was there, he changed his unwilling mother's life more than she had ever thought it could be changed.

The boy was named Urban. A perfect child, all in the nobility observed combining the strength and determination of his mother with the more gentle, human qualities that had been his father's undoing. Madame Pevinsky swore from the day her son was born that she would never allow him to disrupt her rule, but her efforts were useless. Slowly, inevitably, the cold and calculating surface of the great ruler began to dissolve under love for another human being.

Madame Pevinsky feared and despised love as the one human feeling that could destroy her hard-won rule. She had used it successfully to climb to the position she now held, and now it threatened to topple her from that very position! She avoided her son Urban constantly, tried to keep him out of her presence and thoughts alike, but he intruded constantly upon both. And he was such a perfect child, so strong, so noble, so intelligent and gracefully powerful! How could she resist him, this flesh of her flesh; how could she stop herself from feeling what she felt for her own son?

There was only one solution. If it were not implemented immediately, Madame Pevinsky's rule would crumble; already her subjects were beginning to become unruly. On Urban's fourteenth birthday, she had him sent into her quarters alone.

"Yes, Mother?" said the boy, standing with the proud straightness that marked Madame Pevinsky's own poise.

"Urban ... my child ..." said the ruler heavily. "You must go away. I have ordered one of my men to take you to a house many miles from here. You will be happy there."

"No!" he cried. He rushed toward his mother, losing not a shred of his proud dignity in his sudden cling to her. "Mother! You must not send me away! How could I grow strong, learn the power and the courage to one day rule this land, if you were not with me to guide and care for me?"

"You must learn to take care of yourself!" she snapped, her anger at fate's vicious trickery coming out against her son. "I left my parents when I was only fourteen, and never regretted it once! Absurd human attachments only hurt our chances for true power and strength! Your presence here dwindles the strength in both of us."

He did not release his hold on her. "How can it, Mother? By caring for each other, we make each other stronger with the knowledge that somewhere in the world there is a person who is important to us. What does power or rule or anything matter without another person who ..."

"Urban! she cried in pain. "You must stop this talk! Could I eliminate the men who seek to unseat me if I 'cared' for them? Could I keep my subjects in line with public executions if they were 'important' to me? Power cannot be strengthened by this idiocy, but only weakened! Now go! The sooner we can both become stronger and better capable of ruling this world!"

A silence. Then the boy stood slowly. "I will not go, Mother," he said with as much determination as she had ever shown. "Without me, you cannot live. Without you, I cannot grow. We need each other to care for, we need to ... "

"DO NOT SAY IT!" she cried, and flinging the surprised boy away from her, she drew from its holder the long knife she always carried with her as a deterrant to possible assassins. "Urban," cried Madame Pevinsky in a raw, painful voice, "leave me! Leave my house, my country, my stupid weak heart! LEAVE!"

"I can't, Mother," he replied quietly. "If I did, who would be left to love you?"

With a hellish cry, she buried the knife to the hilt in her son's heart.

The deed done, Madame Pevinsky turned away. It was over. Foolish human emotions would endanger her strength no more. If, perhaps, she had caught a glimpse of her son's face as the knife pierced his flesh ... but she had not. There was no memory, no pain. The only person who could entrap her with love was gone, was now only a meaningless mass of dying protoplasm, and could burn her heart and soul no more. She was free.

And wiping off and replacing her knife with absolute detachment, Madame Pevinsky strode out of the room and instructed the guards in the hallways to remove her son's body.

Madame Pevinsky turned in surprise. And suddenly she had aged

forty-five years, she was no longer in her official quarters but in a small boat sailing down a raging river, and the man before her was not a guard but her guide through eternity. "Ah, yes," she said with complete restraint and calm. "The moment."

"All men who live or have ever lived on earth reach their moment of judgement today," lectured the guide. "The cosmos as you know it is gone. Even the red sky you see above you is only an illusion; the sky itself, as 'sky' as the visible space above and around us exists, is gone. For with no stars, no galaxies, no creatures living upon them, what is the use of a space for them to inhabit?

"This river, Madame Pevinsky, is your home now. And the rock we shall be reaching in a few moments is the site of your moment, of the incident which represents all that your heart and mind and soul has ever meant. You will be experiencing it in a very short while."

The pride and straightness of the old woman's posture had not dwindled. She faced her companion fearlessly. "I know what it is you intend to show me; I know how you suppose you will punish me for the many I have enslaved and killed. But you cannot do it. The only thing in my life that ever affected me enough for your purposes is gone, and showing its ending to me will not bring back what I felt for it."

"Perhaps," said her guide, and his next speech continued for some time like a professor's lecture, a series of facts which the professor has long known and finds, after so many repetitions, to be interesting no longer. "You see, Madame Pevinsky, 'penance' is not what your men of old believed it to be. Physical suffering is really quite a minor inconvenience; the body itself is so transient that no effect upon it could truly reach its bearer. But the suffering of the soul ... that will last as long as a soul is alive and vital, and *that* period, madame, is truly an eternity. I know your thoughts; you consider yourself above all penance and suffering, do you not? But you are human, madame. As your son showed you, you are a human being like all else whose earthly existence terminated upon this day, and you will know in a moment that a person's humanity cannot and will not be denied. No matter how much a man may try to suppress his spiritual existence in favor of the physical, he will know in the end which is truly the stronger.

"Ah! We have come to the point," he finished, and as he spoke, the boat turned swiftly around a bend in the river, and a large rock which had been invisible before came into view. Upon the rock sat a human figure, its face covered by a black, featureless mask.

"Your triumph in the murder of your son," said the guide, and his eyes seemed to glow more fiercely than ever before as he spoke, "was the fact that you never saw his face, never saw his expression as he felt the knife pushed through his heartflesh by the only person who had ever touched that heart before. You never saw the face of Urban, and so you were able to live and rule with power and emotionlessness for forty-five years longer."

Already the proud face of the woman in the boat appeared slightly less austere and contemptuous than it had.

Her guide leaned over the side of the boat and skillfully tied to the shore with the anchorline, leaving them floating on the surface of the river, staring straight toward the masked figure on the rock before them.

"At this moment, each man and woman in your world's history is experiencing the one event which represents all that he has ever stood for in his place in the cosmos," remarked the guide conversationally. "There is no atmosphere of penance, of revenge, only judgment. Those who feel they did right during their time of life may find eternity enjoyable; those who do not ... will learn why.

"Your life, Madame, was dedicated to denying your inner reality. To kill, to destroy, to deceive and murder all of the men you had maneuvered into caring for you, you had to suppress all feelings of life, love, truth, to leave you as impervious to pain and emotion as this rock we stand before now. But you *are* human, Madame, and you are a part of this universe, of this, as you put it, 'absurd passion play' we have created. And you will now see what being a part of this universe truly means."

The mask fell silently from the face of the figure on the rock.

For an instant, as Madame Pevinsky had been listening to the words of her guide and understanding what they meant, she had thought wildly of overpowering him, taking control of the boat, releasing herself from this insane drama in which he was forcing her to play a part. But at the moment she poised herself to leap upon the guide and take command of her world once again, she was turned squarely facing the figure on the rock. And as the mask disappeared and the figure's expression became clear, she knew that she would never move from her position again.

And the voice of the indomitable Madame Pevinsky rose in a hellish, horrible shriek which filled the entire space of the cosmos, blending itself with all else that ever had been or would be, and torn raw and bleeding from the very surface of her heart.

"THE FACE!! THE FACE!!"

And the waters around the bottom of the boat swirled insanely in tune with her cry ...

Margaret Maruca, etching 4 ½ x 6"

Crispin Sartwell

Sonnet To Silence

When you have nothing to say...give it sound!
Compose your songs to stillness, odes on air.
Breathe flutes, breathe feathers; touch the knowing
ground;
try dip and glide, try counter-glide and veer.

Awake, a voice touches the fluted wind,
a wing the feathered air; alive, a tone
grows, petal by flesh petal, hand by hand.
Young songs learn flight here, made aware, alone.

Our open hands come lovingly to know
this sensual emptiness. Blue light blooms
from our deserted eyes, the scent of snow
remembers us in spirals, hovered wombs.

We learn to dance from darkness, laughing thieves.
From nothing, this tree frees a cloud of leaves.

Eric Stephen Siegel

Retirement

Majestic
Gardens, Fla.
where they wait
on top of lounges
by the seldom-used pool
under a relentless sun staring off
in a distance beyond the grey fence
(ignoring the pink white flamingos)
past the brackish green canal
focused intently upon
one small
boy

Robert Farr

Somewhere Outside Transylvania

As usual, the radiator was broken,
and the frost on the windows was nothing
compared to the icicles handing from
people's
noses.
The pot was boiling water
on the wood stove,
being fired by the last broken chair,
and was trying to warm
the tiny closet kitchen.
The worn and weathered residents
were all sitting around the
almost dead fire,
reading the New York Times,
and smoking old cigarette butts,
burning their fingers for a last puff,
staining their fingers
and their beards.
Someone flipped to the crossword puzzle,
and challenged the others to
help him out,
only to have them all become stumped
when the puzzle
defined "poor"
as the uneducated, unemployed, unskilled,
stupid.
Laughter
filled the room as it spelled itself out,
and the Doctor of Philosophy
reached over to pull the burning pot
from the stove,
and Doctor of Science

reached down to pet the yawning dog.
Outside,
the werewolves howled
at the naked night
and the raspy old men
all quietly put down their papers
and reached up to pull their crosses
off of the wall,
keeping watch on the front door
with the sliver bullets
in their eyes.

Mokie Pratt, etching 11 ¾ x 11 ¾"

Robert F. Whisler

Baltimore

The marble steps of Baltimore lead up to red-necked bigotry
like buttons on a shirt lead up to blue book collars ringed
with dockyard grime. Scruffs and napes noosed in neon,
never risked, rubbed raw, stretch like a lynch mob's rope
drawn over an outcropped branch of local history
playing parlor games with clipper ships and auction blocks
overseered by stiff-necked colonels wearing fast fried chicken
smiles.
they sheath like swords on racks where hard hats and beavers
hang.
Tar babies on the take spit through split teeth,
whistle Dixie, toss dice against bottom steps while gingerbread
children
crumble in cookie jars, and soft shoed pimps dance
with high heeled whores on polished saxophone floors
in watermelon bars as clams close their castenettes and crabs
prowl the harbor with switchblades clenched in tidal anger.

Douglas Messerli

Baltimore

for Jerry & Sandy Fox

steadily as the shell unfolds
a thing's completed, struck
under feet, remarking the harbor
to flicker enormousness,
the enormousness in the undertoe
striking down the boots, the hat
unfoliated as a fern on porticos
porting the words like splashing rocks
rocking these ships to bay
against the porches of a race:
this fedora, that new shoe
towen up the Chesapeake.
Baltimore I'm sorry to start
shoeing the horse to a syllable,
running into the magnetic stress
of bayed dogs of iron.
irony is a sensual sleep
to stamp the midnight sea
word for word for word
& to begin again
& again worded down for night
the enormous sea is dried
without harbor, repaired to strike,
done for day & dropped
or pushed out of speech.

Margaret Maruca, *Jazz*, etching 4 ½ x 8"

William Griffiths

Rainy Monday Invocation

(a John Coltrane Blues)

There is no Necessity so there is no Freedom.
not to mention Function--Blow Trane soothe my
troubled soul with tinny & sweet
Beat strongly around the pure like an eagle round
a dove make something stir and simmer in
me like too much coffee.
Across the street on the corner by the hydrant
in the drizzle Jackhammer's rocketing blue smoke bust-
ing up sidewalk at Sligo & Grove
All around town something crackles absent--
bad connection.
Blow longer than a while, John
Blow down Heaven's phone
I mean rain
the savage bombardment of puddles and
all the molecules in my body
turning like mad moons

Andrew Oerke

Or The Moon My Lady

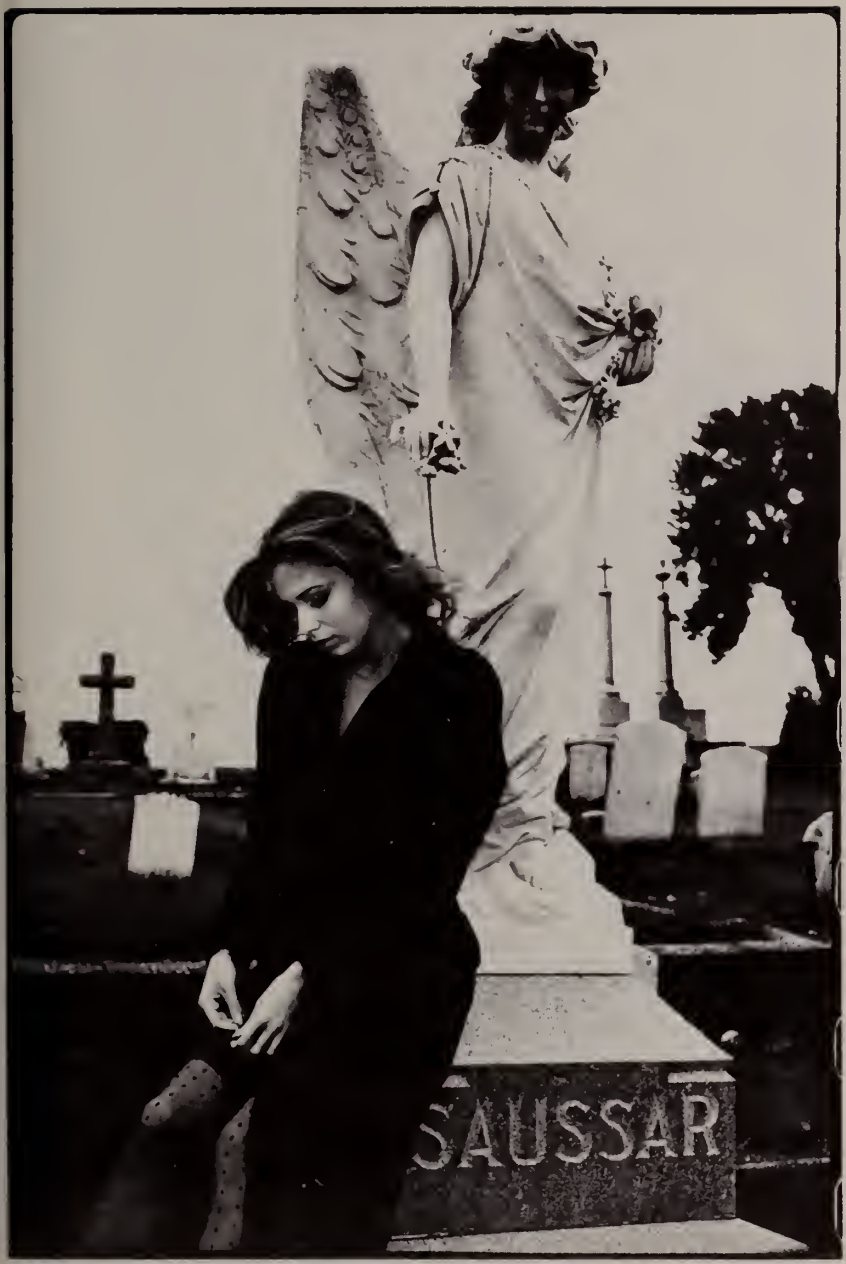
Take the moon, it could be a hole in the sky
through which the realm of light leaks images
that we call sight; or it could be a sly
Rosetta Stone whose crypt goes undeciphered
so long it radioactivates and glows;
or it's a flying saucer in slow
motion from a leisurely civilization
where rushing is *de rigeur;* or it's a hammock
hugging limelight from the sleeper in its arms;
or it's a cradle rocking lullabye;
or it's a metaphor for metaphor
for metaphor for metaphor or more;
or it's a hook in space and nothing more;
or it's a city in a country sky.

But I have known her best on remote roads
late at night when I swear she robes my skin
with firefly wings made of pressed fog wiped clear.
They melt the dark and then evaporate
lifting me to a walkway ten feet high
where gravity turns over and I fly
as if I were the pupil to her eye,
or she were vacuum and I were Nature Boy.

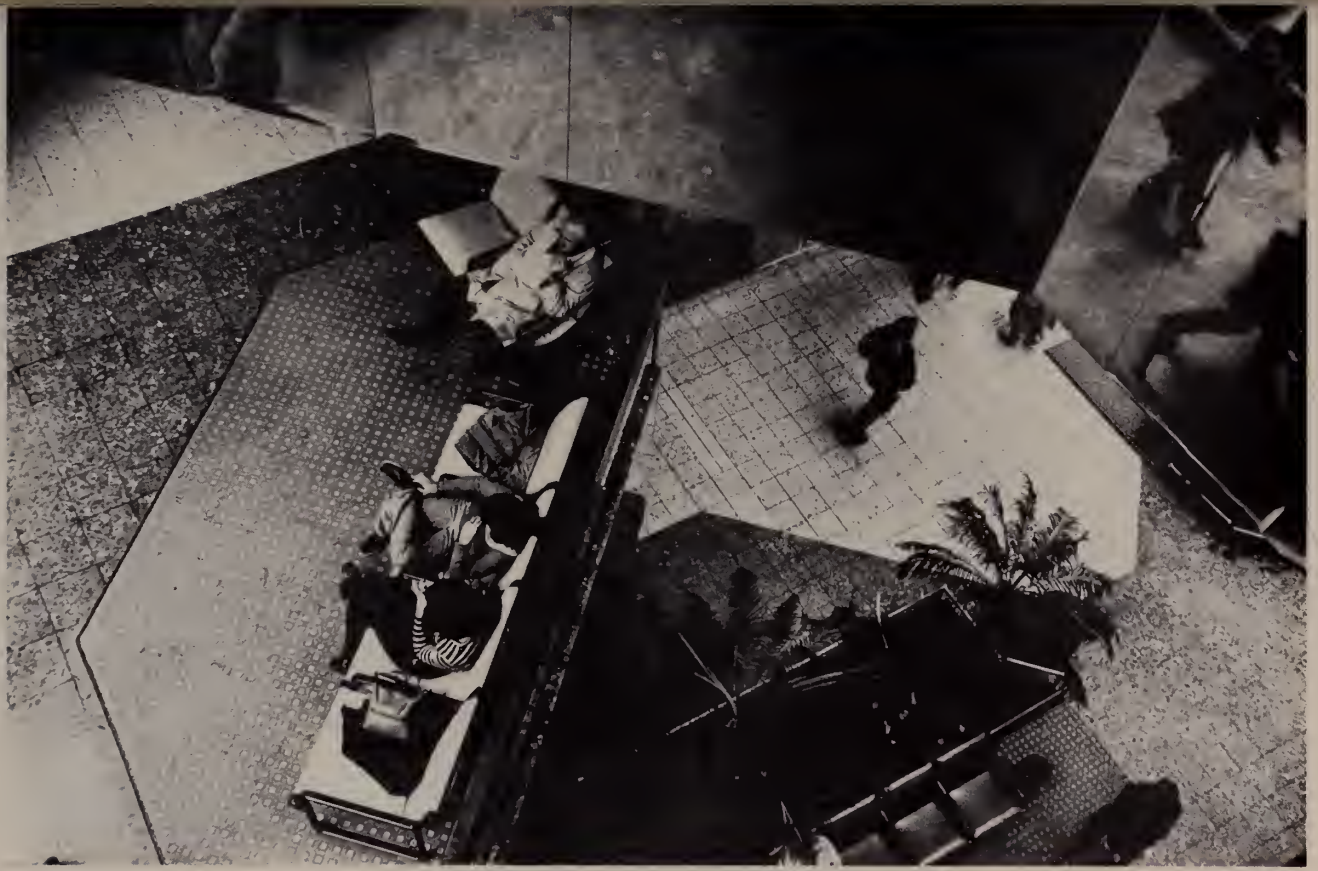
The earth glows wherever she steps, very faintly.
I tip-toe after softly without a doubt.

Peter Muldoon, *Landscape*

Victor Wahby, *A Moment Without a Care*



Victor Wahby, *Moving Toward a New World*



Scott Goldstein, *untitled*

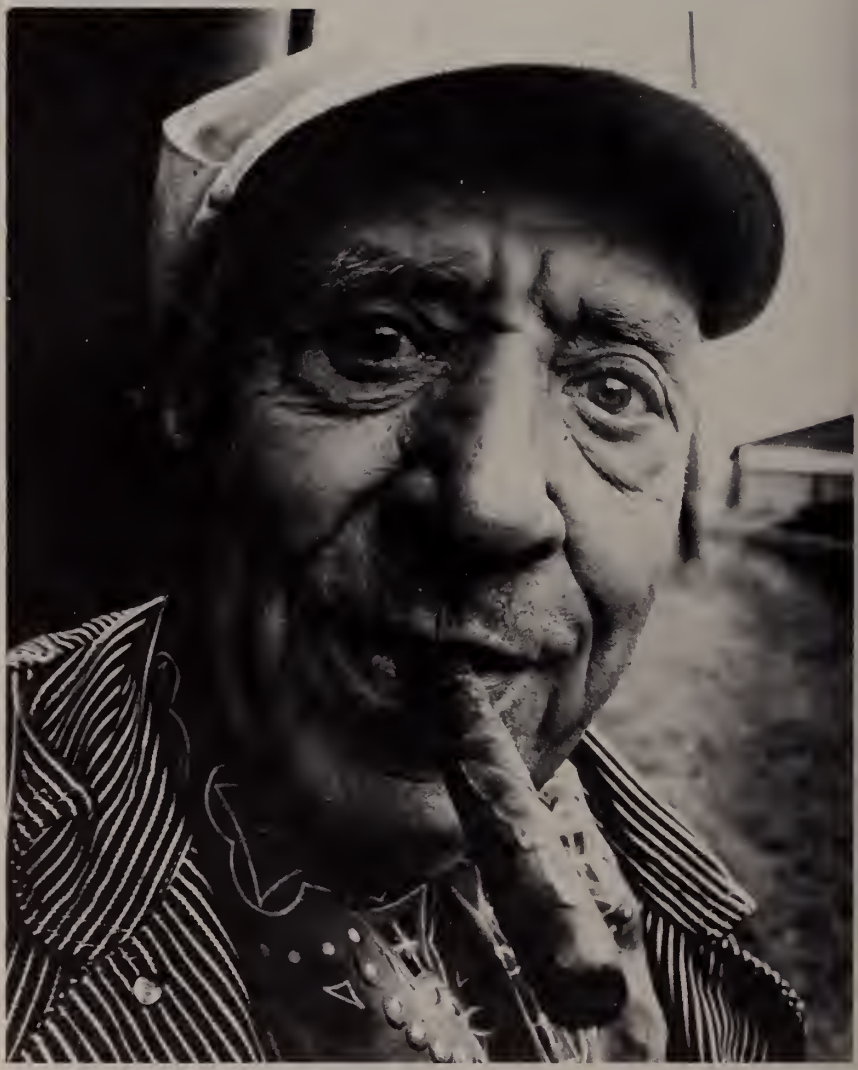
Peter Cullen, *Belfast*

Anne Rogers, *untitled*

Anne Rogers, *Train in Snow*

Mike Oakes, *untitled*

Karen Voss, *Winter, New Canaan, Ct.*



Martin Rodden, *Handy Andy*

Martin Rodden, *Trainscape*

David Beyl, *Spilled Water*

Egla Morales Blouin

Spilled Water

I am brave but it does me no good.
Two summers ago I loved a priest
Because he knew exactly
How the voice of Christ sounded
When He moaned on the cross.
He explained it to me
in three languages
And my blood leapt like a wounded fish
When in a space small as an amulet
He revealed to me the love of the two Johns.
I rejoiced in the whiplash of draining blood
That paled his cheeks when he read in my eyes.
I desired his breast enormously
As one desires a cigarette, or water' or a kiss
And so I tried to show him, I don't know!
How to ride an autumn breeze,
The secret in the name of the ginkos
And of the higambana flowers
And how to open your eyes of a morning
To find unmeasurable blues outside exprience.
I wanted to hurt him with those truths
That fill our days like pin pricks
To show him how I tie those knots with which
I dress the walls of my dwelling
to disclose those mysterious ancient steps
With which one measures distance
Between the seasons, between trees or signs...
There, on those July stairs
He let my love dry like a glass of spilled water;
That summer I expanded in anguish like a new star.
This heart given to me never knows peace.
I am brave but it does me no good.

Translation from the original Spanish by the author

Jennifer LaRue

Des Moines

How wry! thought I, to watch her trip, stumble, fall down flight after flight of stairs. The air blew quiet gentle rivulets of hair streaming past the open porch-door, and the moon called me to its side. Forlorn, the dog by the umbrella stand lapped at its front paw, hungry for a Milk-Bone. Ta-ta, blared the horn of a car in the drive.

The ceiling fell in, to the tune of bricks sawing against one another amidst a cascade of dust. I swam through this dust toward the open door: mustn't let any out this time--the neighbors will complain.

On the table lay my lasagna, noodles plastered down by long-dried tomato sauce. Shit, mother, shit! Throw some water on that so it'll slide down a bit easier. And I sat at its side and scooped it slowly into my mouth, pausing before each bite to delicately blow the dust off. The dust flew into my beer, but it didn't matter, for the bottle was empty. Many others were, too.

It annoyed me that she still lay at the foot of the stairs, marring the picturesque charm of the spiral staircase I had so recently gotten installed. I once had visions of Scarlet O'Hara beckoning me from the top, and what did I get? This sweating mass of flesh heaving on the Solarium, the moisture from its breath congealing and forming a slick little puddle for me to slip on later. Thanks heaps, heap.

A mountain crested in the space behind home, scratching its own back and rolling over lazily. Yawn. And there's another brick falling from the windowsill, killing a bird on the way down. A cardinal--a bright red male cardinal (the girl ones are far too shrewd to alow themselves to get beaned by a brick). That's the lot of all us men, forever banged on the head with bricks of lasagna. Poor Father, perhaps that's what he always meant when he'd slap Mother across the cheek and make her scream deep long hours into the night. Start out high and shrill, waking me up from a dream and continuing through the star-lit stretch until dawn, toning down to a subtle whimper, ending only when the eggs began to fry, complacent in their greasy pan.

Kick, kick, kick. Her moist body lolled from side to side under pressure from my bare toe. Her mouth dropped open, lifelessly gulping gales of breath into its hollow interior, revealing to me miniature silver mines nestled in crevices beside the tongue. She's prettier now than she

was when alive; more voluptious I think is the word, but anyway, less harsh and angular. Her eyebrows have relaxed out of their perpetual arch, and her chin is much less decided. I think I could have loved her better if she always would have been dead like this.

Here come the neighbors: oh, I'm so sorry, I tried not to let any of the dust out! Did I ruin your zinnias? Oh, let me replace them, please, I insist. That? Oh, you remember Harriet. She's resting. Peaceful, isn't she? Why, no, we didn't have an argument. Would you care for some lasagna? It's not much, but it fills you up. No? Well, maybe another time. Oh, don't leave yet; come in and sit a while. Have you seen the new staircase yet? Well, all right...take care now.

Dank darkness began to creep into the corners, insinuating itself into every nook and cranny, pushing aside the dust to make room for more. The moon winked seductively down at me, at me and the dead cardinal, begging the both of us to join hands and fly up to join her for tea. Tea with milk, and tiny finger-sandwiches. Maybe next time.

And in the drive there waited another car, with a red light on top winking still more ferociously than the moon. And my mother wailed first high, then low, then high again, and the eggs fried in their pan in the sky, and a man was at my door.

Thank you, sir, for the ride. I couldn't stand the thought of looking at that lasagna one more minute. Harriet ate hers right up, but I just couldn't stomach mine.

Peggy Tang, ink drawing 19 ¼ x 14"

The Orphans

no roots no kin
no known soft hand to
guide
to comfort
like branches in a
constant of winds

and all the while they're
thinking
where will a door open
like smiles

someone reach out and say
here is your porridge child
here is your bed
come in

give me your hand
your cload of the rags and
those amen eyes
those eyes like crushed
fists

Mokie Pratt, lithograph 13 x 18 ½"

Winter

I want to move from chair to chair,
to another country;
to learn a new language
when the refrigerator humming
is someone telling me a story;
when snow in sign language
is the same as snow falling.

I want to learn to pray;
to follow a candle to an altar,
inside stained glass, past
drops of water on my head.

I want to see designs
like veins on my grandmother's hands,
the veins that I want to push
back into the skin.
And colors--not in paintings, but
all colors that make me cry
as I want people to cry
because my face is a painting,
my body sings beauty.

I want to love,
to be close to the heat.
Around dinner tables,
to get right next to everyone.

I want all men I love
to turn at once,
to see sugar, to feel
a wave behind them.

I want to move to the window,
let some breath out there.
To feel my heart beat
like a rope, like a mouth chanting,
the blood as clean as dead trees.

I want death
to be like my mother
told me birth was:
pushing against ribs,
banging hard on bone--
to feel my death
black and blue,
becoming white.

I want my hands
to be the water moving,
my hands to be the clay;
my eyes I want to leave someone;
my mouth to be hot and cold,
to make snow, to melt it
with a southern sun.

I want to move toward the door
and know where I'm going,
as a bird begins in one place
and reaches another,
shedding its feathers, feeling
some warmth in its mouth for months.

Pedestrian Terror

Judged by squeamish wussies and foolish idiots,
Your blood becomes prize-winning roses.
Your face has the humor of hatchets,
Having been from peanuts -- to Reason.
Are you still ashamed to buy a broom?
The purple furrows deepen in your forehead
As you dump the dust in the foul canal and howl
With a damp brown frown on your dark round face.
Your blurred focus fixes on the failure
Of a capsized pig whose gentle guardians
Force a fish to fly into the blue veins of air
Giving the unfortunate aquatic creature
His first medicinal flavored taste of their
PEDESTRIAN TERROR!!

Bill Gorski

Coal

The spirit within me is hid
From your eyes, compressed,
Waiting in blackness,
Embedded as recurrent dream
Seeking crucial valves.

Witness of ages, I was born
The experimental forests, feeding
Grounds for slime-shackled, maniacal
Dinosaurs that chomped and mauled their kind,
An incoherent congress of minds.

Then the sun withdrew its favor:
Ice imprisoned the earth
With white shadows, and churned under
The whole of my drenched generation
Like a school of incorrigibles.

Yet we harbored what the sun had fed us
In tombs that squeezed
Our corporation of limbs and leaves
Into one thick-crusted pregnancy,
A ferment of black gems.

I may never show it,
But I depend on you
As much as you depend on me, for I need you
To deliver me from the earth,
To pressure me into your service,

To ignite my essence, and behold
The spirit moves:
I release the sun, a light from crude space,
I return to that place
I have never left.

Anna Tchou, ink and wash drawing 11 x 17"

Matthew W. Westbrook

Magnolia Grandiflora

The wet moon slung
The pine against the window
Where it screamed and hung
Over the white light and shadow
The likeness was smashed, distilled,
Embalmed in glass.

Blossoms on the frowning field
Ring the rocking tree
Fallen on the parched, loud lever--

Snap-shot, History in a new machine,
Misquote--self advertised:

Smothered on the silk of shadows,
In a stance, tied slapdash
Plume and khaki,

A heretics brow chills
Over the eyes and nose
Of a handsome vulture.

Bourbon and Mississippi
Became one immodest poet
Among the multitude of his conjuring patience
Which guided the sentence through its seasons:
The negation was the velocity
The distorting cloak was the center
Sodom was impotent, benign, gas powered
The floss of lyric wilted

Roasted on the stake of an idiot,
Love, in the boredom of sun, burst

Time became a huge, sensual desolation,
Trains froze in the Southern station

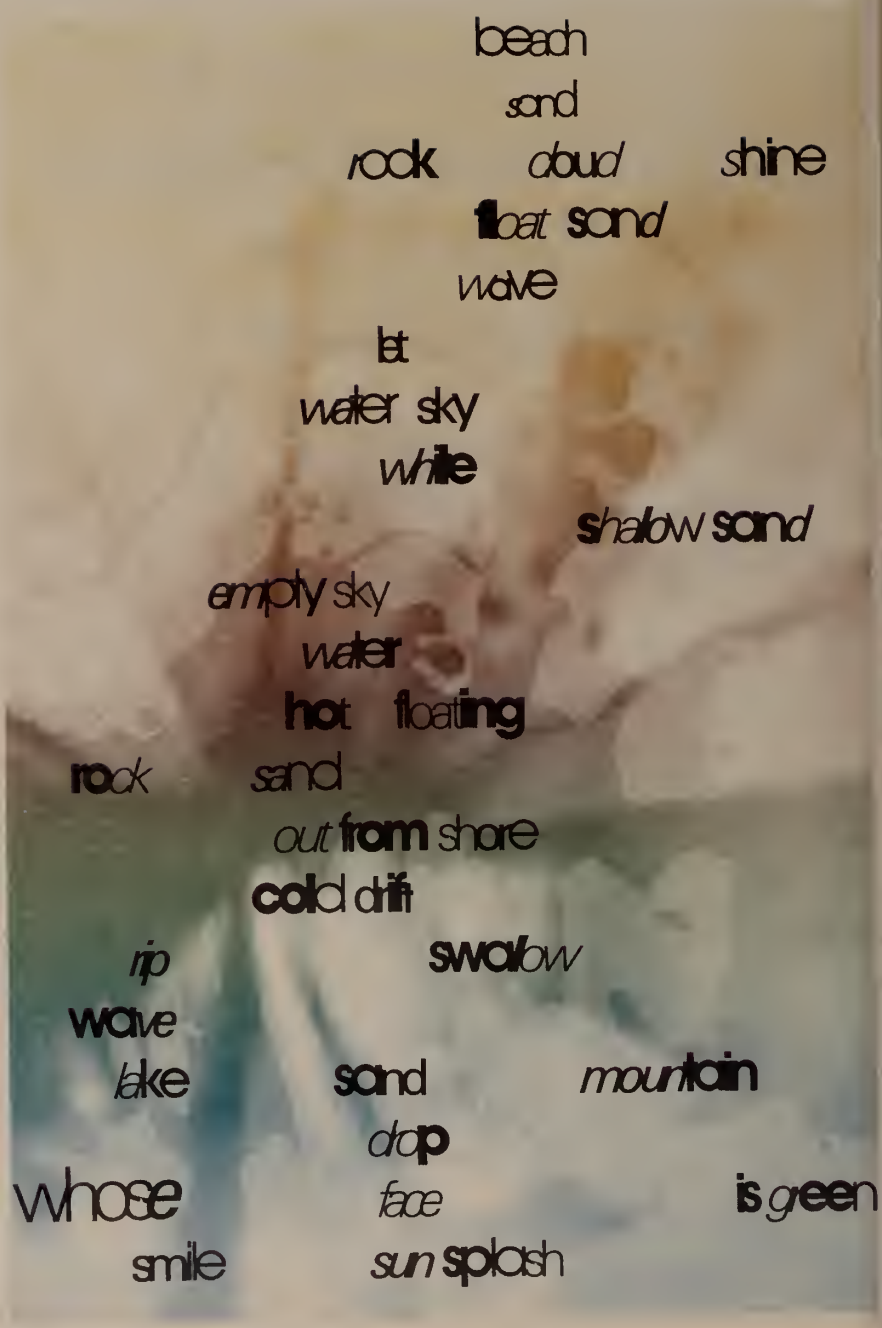
Peter Muldoon, pencil drawing 8 ¾ x 9 ½"

Matthew W. Westbrook

Kierkegaard's Bones the Breadcrust and the Dread

One cannot speak of human warmth in a poem.
Those are the desperately happy who leave
The butter on the table after dinner,
Who melt away from the next worry,
Refuse to check if milk goes stale,
Or if stale, drink without refusal.

Who is one to be without the sterile dread,
But one who leaves himself to age?
They are themselves when interred in thought,
When the last meal of the holy
Becomes Him, and leaves itself to age,
Becomes the corporate heavens, disintegrating,
And the first bacterium glistens like a wet star.


beach
sand
rock cloud shine
float sand
wave
let
water sky
while
shallow sand
empty sky
water
hot floating
rock sand
out from share
cold drift
rip swallow
wave
lake sand mountain
drop
whose face is green
smile sun splash

Arthur Silber, pen & ink 8 ½ x 12"

Douglas Messerli

Summer

Bowles was certain to remember something that didn't happen. Hurricanes blowing across the Midwest did not uproot the elm tree in our back yard. Our father did, I'm certain, when we were asleep one night. In the morning Bowles didn't even notice.

"Bowles," I cried, "don't you see that father has uprooted our old tree, swing and all?"

No he had not. Who needed arbour shade anymore? Of course my mother would be having a heart attack because of the sun, and Claudia, my sister, could no longer entertain her boyfriends beneath the tree with Kool-aid, but Bowles could have cared less. I lived in the basement so it didn't effect me: that summer I was tracing the offspring of Adam to Christ. But I tried to be angry. I beat up Bowles for not caring enough and threatened to leave home with the Monopoly money if things didn't straighten out.

That was so silly that even I had to laugh. But father, taking offense, moved into the garage where he lived for three days until the smell of the cat litter drove him mad.

Clearly something had to be done, especially what with my mother's impending heart attack. My sister was going to be bored. And even I couldn't get past Zabad the son of Tahath. Bowles never worried as long as he could play baseball in a snake-infested swamp. It was certain he would get a moccasin bite.

So I summoned the police. The young officer, dapper in his uniform, suggested we take a vacation in the country to visit cousins which everyone in Iowa had. I thought it was a good idea, and my father, who even in his lunacy had respect for the law, agreed. But my mother refused so we never went.

You see she had gotten lonely with my father crazy, so she had taken up with another man. My sister never listened to my mother, so she was busy packing, and my father was ranting and raving, and my brother--I've told you all about his problem--so none of them noticed what was going on. Only I knew the facts. He was better looking than my father--I have to admit it. And I liked him better and he wasn't crazy. He never would have chopped down that old tree. But I was too good not to rat. I confronted my father with the news the very next Sunday

for which he whipped me within an inch of my life.

When I was better I tried to reason with him. "Oh sure, oh sure," said I. "Leave your wife to a life of sin. Leave her to the dogs. Let her sleep in the slough of your own bed. But she's my mother and I won't and can't." He beat me again and washed my mouth out with soap. That got me so mad I called back the officer and had my father arrested for child abuse, for which he was later tried and jailed for three days and three nights. I had scars on my back.

But that was just the beginning because I remember so well my mother saying, "Now I can live at last!" Of course she never thanked me. I never expected it. Royce, that was her boyfriend, called me a brat. But if he thought I was going to stand still, laurels or no laurels, he had another guess coming. I was going to be a missionary when I grew up.

"Mother," I said, and Royce was right there to hear every word I uttered, "you are on the wrong track. I know it hasn't been easy. No husband has the right to get up in the middle of your sleep and chop down a tree on which your are dependent for your very life. I know this is a new generation. Things that were once unheard of are now common day events. But I repeat, you are on the wrong track. Royce is good looking, and except for an occasional gesture of hostility, he's been kind to us. But none of this, none of this gives you the right to cheat on a man who has loved you and gone mad. You owe him something, madness or no madness, and if you have a conscience, if you ever loved and you still have a heart, stop what you're doing before it's too late!"

My mother screamed. Claudia entered the room with her suitcase packed. Now I just know my mother was going to have a stroke. And again I was right. She passed away at ten o'clock.

Meanwhile, my father came home. In jail he had hardened. I could see it in his face. Bowles told father he looked better than ever, but you know by now what to think. Bowles didn't even wait to hear the man speak, and he was off with his catcher's mit, faceguard and bat. The next time I saw him was besuited at my mother's funeral.

After they had dumped the dust to dust ashes to ashes on her coffin, Royce, who had been standing in the crowd, came over to us mourners and put his hand out for my father to shake. My father didn't know what to do. He just looked straight ahead in a trance. Royce said, "Hi, I'm the man that found your wife in bed dying. My sympathies." My father got all choked up and took Royce's hand. It sort of made me hope that things might be better. But when we got home dad tied me to the kitchen table and raped my sister.

So Claudia became a tramp. When she came to untie me I could see it in her eyes. At first she was crying, but after awhile she began to giggle. Thinking she was hysterical, I slapped her. "Now calm down," I warned. For a second she stopped. Then she motioned me towards her as if she was going to whisper. I bent my ear to hear. "He couldn't even

get it up!" she exploded in a laugh. I fell back in horror, hardly believing what she'd said. Never before had my sister talked like that. Things had really begun to degenerate. I knew I'd better act or it would be too late. But what could I do? Everything had gone downhill so quickly: my father from bad to mad to dangerous luny overnight, my mother dead, and now my sister turned into a whore right before my face. And you just know--I saw it coming!--Bowles came in crying, holding his leg in pain where he'd been bitten by a rattlesnake. Somehow I called an ambulance. Thank heaven it wasn't a moccasin bite!

But then in the fracas my sister, who had never unpacked her suitcase, ran off with Kenny, a boy who lived down the block. That broke the camel's back. My nerves were in such a horrible condition that I began to smoke. It helped me relax.

I was hooked before I knew it. First once, then twice, soon three times a day, then once every hour, eventually six. And sin led to more sin. I became an alcoholic. I began to lie, steal and shout. Instead of eight, I arose at ten. Flies hovered round me. A coldsore grew on my chin. My cheeks got chapped. For days on days I wandered through the yard like a zombie. How could the world have got so bad?

Then, on Sunday the 5th of September I felt a raindrop. Just one and then a couple. And as I got inside it began to pour. It was a deluge. The house was about to float away. It was God's wrath!

But suddenly, it stopped. Now a cool breeze was blowing, and before I knew it I found myself in the back yard bending over the little plot where the tree had once stood. There, by my feet, was something--a miracle! A baby sappling had been stuck into the ground. Who could have done it? I was shocked.

In search of the answer I returned to the house. As I entered the parlour my father got up off the floor and demanded a glass of mild. A moment later my mother came into the room carrying a tall, cool pitcher and put it down beside him. No one moved. Not another word was said.

Paul J. Davis

Now Appearing In Town

When that bus chuffs into the grey side
of Smoketown you had better have some scrap
of newsprint in your pocket
with a telephone number.

When Hollow Street starts to chime
with your boottracks and dusk
purples the alley ways, you had better know
where you are headed.

When the chill whines
under clacking windowboards
and billows the shop awnings,
when thrunder grumbles
and the ice rain comes slicing down,
you had better have a coat on to keep
your heart beating.
And a roof at the end of Brown Lane
to heat for, a stove too,
and slender fingers to curve
watching the pot,
and set the quilt upon bed linen.

If you don't, if you are just imagining
these things, you are liable to end up
making a bottle in brown paper
your supper and the fire plug
your night-table and by God
you will keep company
with the newspaper tumbleweeds.

Voices of Melody and Dissonance

two books of poetry
reviewed by **Crispin Sartwell**

Ruthellen Quillen's new book of poetry, *The Bell Witch* (Sibyl-Child Press, 1979), is a study in delicate textures, in movements of serenity and grace. At their best, these pieces are immensely pleasing, both to ear and intellect:

> *In the beginning we fall.*
> *We fall and catch ourselves*
> *on the wrist bones or the knees*
>
> *We fall from leaning too far forward*
> *or too far backward*
> *or from leaning not at all.*
> *We fall sometimes; simply: we fall...*

The diction here is very plain; it flows off the mind's tongue with ease and certainty. But here as elsewhere in this book, a strangeness has crept almost imperceptibly into reality.

Quillen's words possess both spark and subtlety as she narrates events like the above "fall," managing simultaneously to suggest the concrete and the surreal. Thus, these poems invite comparison to those of the best contemporary American surrealists, Mark Strand and W.S. Merwin; sometimes these parallels are very strong indeed: "I walk but I have always walked./ I speak; I am there and am not."

Comparisons to Sylvia Plath also leap to mind as one reads *The Bell Witch,* and Quillen's themes and arcticulations often justify them:

> *At this time of year, this day, I am a rash*
> *of cat-scratch and half-moon burns...*
> *I seem out of sorts.*

But Quillen's written voice is also uniquely her own. She is a delightful maker of images, building seemingly insignificant sensed detail into intricate emotional or conceptual statement. In the creation of cognitive depth she presents truly sumptuous surfaces, breathtakingly

rich in shapes, colors, scents, sounds, tastes, textures, imaginings:

The bleach smell caught up in the yoke of a shirt
her hand sprinkling rain water on the wash
the thump of the iron
and the hiss of it on the damp sheet...

Even when she strays into more indirect modes of expression, her words retain their freshness:

This poem between us...
is the thin sandalwood
of those distant trees;
it is bone delicately curving with age, a dragon wing.

As is evident in these exquisitely sculpted lines, Quillen has an exact, melodious ear. The correspondence of sound to meaning in these poems is pronounced and beautiful. A femininity, or, more precisely, a womanliness, flows through her work without a hint of shrillness; the reader hears the breathing of the real person on the other side of this pen.

And on the other side of this pen, too, is a poet, an artist of superb control. She displays her technical polish in "West Virginia Sleep Song", cast into hendecasyllables, and "Villanelle" (my favorite poem of the collection), and her calmness and clarity in "October," "The Magdalen," and many others. Though Quillen occasionally slips into sentimenality or cliche, as in "Father" or the initial lines of "Blind Woman to her Sisters Falling," her poems delight and conquer.

• • •

Ease and beauty are neither the methods nor the themes of Rod Jellema's second book of poems, *The Lost Faces* (Dryad Press, 1979). Each poem in this collection is packed with elusive, disturbing imagery and statement. If Quillen is melodious, Jellema is purposefully dissonant in reflection of his subject matter typically ugly urban scenes and the disturbed people they produce:

Tentative, you sway. You're out of work.
Old slue-foot slouches, leaning odd, hunching
like the pinned coat of a tramp.

When he leaves the neon and derelicts, Jellema is often to be found in a small, snow-blanketed town or on a beach. But even here he perceives an intense unnaturalness:

Not now. Day breaks open with gab of gulls...
I try again to discover my feet.
This rushed cacophany beating up the surf
may be the world's last jazz band breaking loose....

Jellema takes more chances than Quillen, and fails more often. "Traffic Lights" and "Wanting Supper," for instance, seem oversaid and almost pointlessly jarring. Often he offers us but the *form* of thought, in which little visible content survives:

All night in the brooders, electric
nightmare eggs glare down.
Inside the plastic meat
pumping steroids glow like dying
stars, shoot through entrails
that have nothing portentous to say.

Here, it is the poet who has "nothing portentous to say."

One hears echoes of the "beat" and "New York" poets, especially John Ashbery, in Jellema's voice. Like Ashbery, Jellema has a disjointed view of reality and a predilection for twisted or inverted grammatical construction. Between these covers, a constant struggle is waged against the complete incoherence that looms behind his words. Often, Jellema is in the business of doing strange things to the language for the sake of doing strange things to the language:

This old boyhandled world
picks me down
to such a perfect flation
that I can't uncorporate.
I drag my formity
amuck this alloyed happiness.
Hand me, villain!

Such exercises are entertaining and little else.

Jellema's art, though, lies precisely in the taking of verbal risks; when he wins, he wins big, delivering real insight, new and fascinating ways of seeing and coming-to-know:

Changes of weather curl inside
and wait to resound. Sometimes
grief stretches out in our eyes,
lies tight and thickens the tissue....

"An Acrostic About Miracles," "Hibernation," and "Heading In," among many others, work very nicely indeed; there is a bit less despera-

tion in these than in some of his work.

If these pieces sometimes fail to create coherent visions, they succeed as often. On the second and third journeys through these worded terrains, epiphanies sprout which continue to grow, long after one's eyes leave the page. Despite its faults, Mr. Jellema has presented us with a book that, in the final analysis, lovingly redeems the mental landscapes and stopped moments of which it speaks.

Rod Jellema is associate professor of English at UMCP, and heads the creative writing department.

Ruthellen Quillen teaches creative writing at UMCP.

Anna Tchou, ink and wash drawing 14 x 11"

Navelled, "thy petals spend the suns about us."

--an essay on Hart Crane's
"The Tunnel"* **by David Hall**

...till my straining sense
Glimpsed the bright burden of heavenly cars
Through a round hole; by this we climbed, and thence
Came forth, to look once more upon the stars.
--Dante, Canto xxxiv, *L'Inferno*

The old dog-pen kitchen corner
Wished in refractions--away from a famous light.
Quick! Back to crime-sheet file
Cabinets under covers--a bed?
"Or can't you
quite
make up your mind
to ride...." Down through gyring circles
"A" train to Fourteenth cross-town
Flatbush Charon roars through time
Caught in agate lanterns, tossed from "ticking towers,"
Tickets denied--until, "Here by the River
That is East"
I hold you in my arms...flesh and stars.

From Columbus Circle lights, "Circle burning bright" in cosmic mockery, we descend, stretched consciousness blanked slack, naked, and "press the coin/ Into the slot." Tones of motion fill a subway's space and then shift to faces in the car, centers of monotone, enough for Jimmy's half-recall, "girls all shaping up--it used to be--," less than a hobo-trekker. Phrases span the time of green on a copper-"beaten weather vane," "What/what do you want?" Then as if from some back-fork of the brain, a nihilism spans to its own answer--some black Persephone:

"...she said--if
you don't like my gate why did you
swing on it, why didja
swing on it
anyhow--"

*From Hart Crane's *The Bridge* as published in *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane*, ed. Brom Weber (New York: Liveright, 1966).

Consciousness turns in upon itself, as if a projector's light is refracted, away from the screen back into itself, and finds the "refractions of a thousand theatres," "each famous sight," to be dead. If up above "time slays," deep in these fissures all is slain. Infinity is not seen as oneness with the universe, but rather as the death and meaningless of all that passes on the flashing screen of worldly existence. Love is nothing but "a burnt match skating in a urinal" when we fail to keep the song with which we are "impassioned," and *that*, that "shrill ganglia" of death-like indifference--"she cried a little afterward but"--becomes self-rewinding daemonic tunnels that torture and pull towards despair. It is not infinite space beyond this globe that "consumes us in a smile," but an internal hell, where a love-destroying world consumes--"And did their eyes like unwashed platters ride?"

Like some tragic saint or Christ, Poe takes form from consciousness' daemonic light--

> *Bursts from a smoldering bundle far behind*
> *In back forks of the chasms of the brain...,*

and offers a focal abstraction for suffering and turmoil, iron-riven stump still fertile, indomitable-- and did that world of dandruff and toothpaste ads where each eye attends its shoe, Poe,

> *...did their riding eyes right through your side...?*

It is here that the consciousness that we have been led into begins to defeat its own Daemon. Brain-retching tunnels are projected, ensconced in ballot stuffers--

> *That last night on the ballot rounds, did you*
> *Shaking, did you deny the ticket, Poe?*

Those shoe-attending eyes hop off at Chambers Street's dead stop. With Poe, consciousness climbs from fissures as he directs riving eyes to Gravesend Manor.

The real terror, however, is not in "eyes," not in what lies along an open road, but in that self which travels along it. No longer are there dreams of vehicles--flashes seen-- to carry the psyche beyond time and space, but rather a realization that only the inner-most self can fling that gossamer thread into eternity. To arc off the flashing scene into infinity is one thing, but what of that which projects the flashes; what if the landscape is nothing but a giant flaw--springboard to nothingness? *What* lifts this hand that would clasp yours, Walt Whitman? Where is *my* Genoese to kiss my agony in these tunnels? Is the "conscience navelled in the plunging wind" umbilical only to its Daemon's call? From a symbolic Columbus, from memory's earliest ecstasy, from all the divine glints in

an oil-rinsed age, the mind in tunnels, calls the whole movement--from consciousness to world to dimensionless space--into question, sounding out that one small space of ganglia, devoid of externals, that must--finally--anchor the footings of that "intrinsic myth," that bridge to the "palladium helm of the stars."

The inner most voice calls upon its own Daemon to do battle. He threatens with the spector of a wasteland within, against a faith pushed to a crumbling cry for its own Elohim, the first Verb, the first Light that it *knows* exists, and like Lazarus, consciousness rises from its tunnels, echoing Ezekiel--

> *I heard the sound of their wings*
> *like the sound of many waters-- [1:24]*

as it lays all its unspun reels at water's edge:

> *O Hand of Fire gatherest.*

Through its self-inflicted trial, consciousness transcends past and future--

> *Tossed from the coil of ticking towers....*
> *Tommorrow,*
> *And to be...Here by the River that is East--*

into infinite song, "one Choir, translating time," Psalm of shores' infinity, everpresence of windflower, "beyond time." "Tomorrows" link into "yesteryear," as the steeled Cognizance of the poet's symbol fuses with the very "fabric of our veins." Space is filled with the ring of rainbows as we are brought all the suns of the universe in floating white petals.

Poet brings Cathay, high heaps of bravery in his history's song, so that we reach for him,

> *...Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea, call'd Atlantean hills,*
> *Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world....**

*William Blake, *America: A Prophecy*, Plate 10, lines 6-7.

Mokie Pratt, woodcut 8 x 10"

Contributors

•**Matthew Arozian** is a senior at UMCP studying visual communications. •**Melissa Bell** is a June '79 graduate of UMCP with a BA in English. •**David Beyl** is professor of Linguistics at UMCP. •**Robert Bowie**'s poetry has recently appeared in *Harpers* and *Malahat Review,* his book, *The Damning Tree* is forthcoming from Harold House Publishers. •**Elga Morales Blouin**'s most recent books of poetry are *Carne y Sombra* and *Estacion de Lluvia.* She teaches Spanish at Georgetown University. •**Peter Cullen** is a photographer for Associated Press. •**Paul J. Davis** is a junior at UMCP studying Economics. •**Robert Farr** is a recent graduate of Syracuse with a major in Film. •**Scott Goldstein**'s photography has appeared here as well as in *Argus.* He is a sophomore at UMCP. •**Bill Gorski** is a senior at UMCP, and former poetry editor of *Calvert.* •**William Griffiths** teaches creative writing at UMCP. •**Jennifer LaRue** is a sophomore English major at UMCP. •**Margaret Maruca** is studying art at UMCP. •**Douglas Messerli** recently received his Ph.D. from UMCP, and is editor of *Sun and Moon.* •**Peter Muldoon** has had several showings of his art in the Washington area. •**Mike Oakes** is a freelance photographer, and graduate of UMCP. •**Andrew Oerke**'s latest books are *Then of Love* and *Many Voices.* His "Suite for the Southwest" has been set to music, and will be performed by the Houston Symphony. •**Eileen O'Tousa** is a junior at UMCP studying Advertising Design. •**Mokie Pratt,** a recent graduate of Bennington is providing services for programs of the U.S. Park Service. •**Martin Rodden** is photography editor for the *Diamondback.* •**Anne Rogers** is a *Diamondback* photographer. •**Eric Stephen Siegal** is an English major at UMCP. •**Arthur Silber** is a sophomore at UMCP studying Advertising Design. •**Laura Slavin** is a graduate student in English at UMCP. •**Michael Sobsey** is a senior majoring in English at UMCP. •**Anna Tchou** is a freshman at UMCP studying Architecture. •**Karen Voss** is a junior majoring in Art History. •**Paul Trimble** has recently published his first book of poetry, *Seequence.* A recent graduate of UMCP, Mr. Trimble teaches experimental offset at The Writer's Center. •**Victor Wahby**'s photography took the top awards at "Artists Today." He is a senior studying Speech and Hearing at UMCP. •**Lon West** is a junior English major at UMCP. •**Matthew Westbrook** is a junior studying English and Philosophy at UMCP. •**Robert Whisler** is a poet living in Glen Burnie, Md. •**Mark Zeender** is a junior majoring in English at UMCP.

$1.50